

# Good Morning 757

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## SEA TEMP. is all Wrong, L.Cook Alec Conibear

The fearless-eyed youngster pictured above is Anthony, son and heir of Leading Cook Alec Conibear.

Anthony, who lives with his mother at No. 25 Ledbury Road, Fishponds, Bristol, is literally becoming quite a handful. Though only two years old, he already weighs over two stone, and has all his teeth except four back ones.

He is beginning to be quite a chatter-box, too. The other day his mother took him to the barber's for a hair-cut, and even the barber couldn't get a word in! That's talking!

He was taken to Weston-super-Mare to see how he reacted to the sea, but as it was rather cold, and Anthony always likes his bath-water just so, Mrs. Conibear doesn't think her son is likely to run away to sea just yet.

He likes to do something constructive, such as making mud-pies in the garden with an old flower-pot or helping his Grandpa with the gardening. "Helping Grandpa" consists in vigorously returning the stones that Grandpa has just thrown out.



Mrs. Conibear is in rooms at the moment, but is living in hopes of a place of her own very soon. She has her name down for a temporary house, and doesn't mind what kind it is so long as the three of you have your own place when you come home to stay.

Now that you've learned so much about the art of cooking, Alec, your wife is feeling a little apprehensive about who will hold sway in the kitchen!

"Still," she reflects, "Alec is so used to doing things on a large scale and talking in terms of hundredweights of this and that and sides of beef, that he's in for rather a shock if he has to cope with our week-end joint and the two ounces of fat to cook it in."

We don't think there's any reply to that!

## Home Town Topics

THIS is the sad story of the fate which befell a bottle of whisky offered as a prize in a raffle at a dance at Southampton Guildhall.

More than 500 people had an interest in the whisky, each having invested sixpence for a chance of winning it.

The Big Moment arrived during an interval in the dance, when an A.T.S. girl was invited on to the stage to make the draw. While this was taking place the bottle of whisky stood on the stage.

The number of the winning ticket was announced, and on to the stage, with a grin of anticipation on his face, stepped the lucky man—an American G.I.—to claim his prize.

The M.C. bent to pick up the bottle of "hooch"—then came the tragedy. He accidentally knocked over the bottle, and as it fell the neck broke off and the precious spirit flowed all over the stage.

The crowd on the dance floor roared; the grin disappeared from the face of the not-so-lucky winner, and even the M.C. looked nonplussed.

Quickly regaining his composure, the M.C. apologised, and promised the winner that he would be compensated—in the appropriate spirit!

FOOTNOTE.—Of course, the accident should never have happened, because the dance was organised by the local branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents!

### GETTING THE BIRD.

ACT ONE of the Canary Mystery was staged in an

aviary in a Southampton public park on a dark summer night. Some person, unknown, broke into a pen where 17 small birds, including a pure white canary, were housed. Two panes of glass were found broken next morning, but all the birds were intact.

ACT TWO, four nights later, deepened the mystery. One of the replaced panes of glass was found smashed again, several spent matches were discovered on the floor of the birds' roosting pen, and three of the canaries, among them the pure white one, were missing. The police were called in and detectives investigated the affair for twenty-four hours without finding a clue.

ACT THREE of the Canary Mystery opened next day, when a 13-year-old boy, on his way to school, saw a yellow canary fly out of a public air raid shelter about half a mile from the raided aviary. Going into the shelter, the boy saw a white canary flying about. He caught it, took it home, and reported his find to the police.

ACT FOUR revealed a policeman on his way to the police station, carrying the recaptured canary in a cage. While passing a churchyard he spotted two yellow canaries preening themselves on the grass. With the assistance of two small boys, he "apprehended" the two birds, popped them into the cage with the white canary, and returned to the station in triumph.

But the problem of "Who stole the three canaries and why?" still had the police guessing.

WHILE appreciating that only a few of you will be interested in the future of science, as a bread-winner, any way, I include this subject in the series because although pure science offers little scope, science in a wider field has numerous openings for semi-skilled men.

The country is in desperate need of scientists—war progress has meant the swallowing-up of every boy and girl who has shown any possibility of getting a degree. Their training has been done at Government expense, and has been comprehensive. The boys and girls have passed on to universities, and will soon be on the road that leads to fame and fortune.

For ex-Service men there is this same chance, and just for the asking. Once again, if you are interested, go to a labour exchange and ask for details. You won't find a bureau under the water, but when you get out of bed for the first time during your fifty-six day leave prior to discharge, you will find one around the corner.

The views of Doctor C. P. Snow, C.B.E., Fellow of Christ's Church College, Cambridge, on this subject have recently been published in the *Sunday Chronicle*. I quote him freely.

"Not everyone can become a scientist. The training is exacting, and it is very difficult to catch up if you are late in starting."

Dr. Snow states that he is of the opinion that unless a man has had a solid scientific educational background he stands little or no chance in making the grade. They will not make a go of it unless they are confident of being able to take a university course in their stride,

and to start a scientific course at a university it is useful to have a lot of fun in life if you have to worry over your adding and subtracting.

That, however, is a cautionary word.

On the other hand, if you have read, or otherwise gained a flimsy knowledge of the subject, there is really nothing to stop you taking advantage of the Government course of further education which makes provision for budding scientists.

Of course, you will stand far greater chances of getting financial assistance if you have a general schools certificate.

If you do not get a grant, there are other ways of making your way to a university or technical college.

To become a real professional scientist it is necessary to get some kind of degree, somewhere or other. Although there is another branch of the trade that opens itself out, that of technical assistants in research laboratories.

For this you do not require such a high standard of academic knowledge, but you do need a definite leaning to science and some background of theoretical matter.

In a few years from now it is probable that this job may be recognised as a sub-profession, and, in any case, offers a comfortable career.

Now, what can you do about all this? How can you get mobile? That depends on you. The greatest department in science consists of those to whom mathematical problems come easily.

For physics, engineering, physical chemistry, you cannot hope to get far without advanced mathematics,

and you certainly will miss a lot of fun in life if you have to worry over your adding and subtracting.

For zoology, botany, medicine, and the other sciences, you will not require the same mathematical aptitude. If you can manage it, you would be wise to get some sound advice from someone who knows you, because, although there are hundreds of vacancies for all departmental scientists, you may waste a long time in barking up the wrong tree.

What is the life of a scientist? He will be employed by a university, Government department or industrial firm. He may become a technical administrator—few lives are more varied or interesting.

As scientific methods are adopted more and more in every sphere of life, so do the prospects and variety grow.

Many administrators who have no knowledge of basic science find a technical assistant necessary. If the employer is shrewd he gets a scientifically minded man who can run the business also.

The material rewards for scientific labours are adequate, but not sumptuous. A good scientist in any of these fields would be worth about a thousand pounds a year.

Though most scientists now live on a comfortable middle-class level, it can be expected that in the future a substantial rise may be looked forward to.

Anyway, the rewards other than cash are considerable. The scientist likes his work. If he didn't, he would never have qualified. From every discovery he gets a thrill that can't be assessed in terms of money.

Also, he has the confidence which comes from being part of the most vital movement of his time.

The scientist is usually a very happy man. If you have the urge to make a livelihood in some department of science, you are certain, too, to find it a good, remunerative and satisfying life.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Well, Shorty? Think we'll be there in time for the election?"

## Charity

A CONSIDERABLE unofficial market operates after dark behind the Madeleine in Paris, mainly involving the swapping of cameras, field-glasses and cigarettes, and on this occasion it was to the accompaniment of a blind accordionist, who was begging.

Beside him was an American soldier offering a cigarette to any one who dropped two francs in the musician's cap. Big business was done. The cap was filled within five minutes, and the soldier had to depart as he had run out of cigarettes.

## Windfall

HOLIDAYMAKERS had a surprise at Hastings when walking down one of the busy thoroughfares. It took the form of a shower of pound notes! The windfall was caused by the paper parcel in which a local business man was carrying his week's takings to the bank coming undone.

Every one of the notes, amounting to nearly £300, was returned to him.

P. L.



## Happy Ruler Hails E. A. Max Haycocks

Little Michael John Haycocks, aged ten months, rules the family at 35 Minstead Road, Eastney, Portsmouth.

That is what the "Good Morning" representative was told when he called to see Mrs. Kathleen Haycocks and Michael.

But let us assure Electrical Artificer Max Haycocks that Michael is a very happy little ruler, and that all the family are willing subjects.

Our photographer was lucky enough to meet your mother, Max, as well as your wife, and Mrs. Haycocks, senior, amused Michael with his toy dog, while your wife was giving a finishing brush to his hair.

And we just snapped them both at it!

The dog, by the way, is a great favourite of Michael's. It was given to him by his Auntie Barbara, and he knows just how to ask for it, if it doesn't happen to be lying within his reach.

His baby prattle does not extend much beyond such words as "Dada," "Mum," and "Nana" yet, but he has a way of making his wants known.

However, your wife tells us, Max, that he is quite a good lad, and no trouble whatever. And he thoroughly enjoys himself when they go on the beach.

But, oh, boy, give him a spoon and a saucepan-lid to keep him

quiet at home, and the Guards' Band isn't in it for noise!

And, talking of Guards, you will be interested, Max, to hear that your pal, Rex Hunter, has been home on leave from Germany.

Everyone here is "in the pink," and looking forward to your own return—particularly your wife. You will be glad to know that she is going to Ireland about the end of September to spend a month's holiday with her own people, and we are sure that they, too, will make a lot of the boy.

Hope you are receiving your wife's letters regularly—she is always very glad to get yours in return.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

Address:  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# Thousand Dollar Bid

THE next morning Eddy went up to the office of the surveyor where the auction of the lost man's broke."

There were only a few spongers present, and when the auctioneer put the wreck up there was a smile all round. Nobody bid until one man made a half-hearted offer. "One dollar," he said. The others laughed and the auctioneer raised the hammer.

"Give me another bid, gents, and the wreck goes. I can't sell it unless I get two bids."

"A thousand dollars!" The spongers turned to look at Eddy Curd who had spoken. The auctioneer gulped and showed his teeth in a grin.

"Mister Curd, I'm selling the wreck of the *Traveller*, which lies in twelve fathoms out on White Reef. It isn't the schooner we knew. You've bid for what she was worth when she was in the harbour. Do you understand?"

"One thousand dollars," repeated Eddy.

"I warn you," said the auctioneer, "this isn't a joke. It's a wreck."

"Aw, let it go," said one man. up to Dave Whitaker's house.

Gloria and her father were waiting make out the deck of the *Traveller* for him, but the moment they started to say things he raised his hand.

"Mr. Whitaker, I haven't bought the wreck to help you, as you think. I bought it because I want you to come and have a look at her and then you'll understand. My schooner's ready. Will you come now?"

His manner was cool and confident. Even Gloria didn't know what to make of the situation, but she and her father went down to his schooner to take the trip.

They were hardly aboard when the anchor was raised and the schooner spread her wings. It was a glorious morning.

Eddy was at the wheel as usual and Gloria and her father sat near the rail on stools he had placed for them. He did not speak much on the way over, and when they reached the reef and saw the tops of the masts of the *Traveller* sticking above the water old Dave almost broke down.

The wreck was lying in deep, dark water, under the shadow of the mangroves. The reef humped for maybe half a mile to a good height about this place and was a quarter of a mile broad with inlets and coves up and down the fringe of shore.

Eddy got a boat lowered and took his spyglass with him and rowed over, with Gloria and Dave beside him.

When they were between the tips of the masts Eddy fitted his glass together by sections and plumped it overboard, peering into the dark depths.

Presently he handed the glass to Dave Whitaker.

"Just take a peep down there," he said, "and tell me if you can't make out the fraud when Larry Duke

## Concluding "SALVAGE OF WHITE REEF"

said he wanted to leave Macuda without asking leave, got his men and get a job in the Bahamas. To throw grapnels aboard and then There's no need for a man to leave leaped on her deck.

Macuda where there is always In spite of his lack of seaman-shout for sponge skippers. And ship, Dave Whitaker went aboard he forgot that I know this reef, also, and Gloria followed. They I've been poking into the waters found Eddy inside the deck cabin, every bit of them."

"What has he done?" cried He staggered to his feet and faced them with startled eyes.

"I'll tell you in front of him," said Eddy. "We'll overhaul him before he gets to Florida. That's where he is making for."

They got up to the black craft before evening, for Eddy spared no stitch of canvas, and his boat was a flier. He sailed her alongside

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the Lord Mayor of London's official residence?
2. How many Bank Holidays are there per year in England?
3. How many layers of slate are there on an ordinary slate roof?
4. What name is given to a collector of postage stamps?

5. Are there any coins in existence dated "B.C."?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Box, Holly, Scotch Pine, Birch, Elm, Cedar.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 756

1. "The Quest."
2. Seven, of course!
3. From 7 to 11.
4. Philuminist.
5. Four—1, 3, 5, 7.
6. Foot-rule is an instrument; others are measures.

## People Are Queer

"MA" WHITE is back at sea. Thousands of pre-war passengers crossing the Channel by the Newhaven-Dieppe route know her. So does the Navy.

For years she was the most popular woman afloat, as stewardess of the steamer "Worthing."

When the little ships went across to Dunkirk to carry off our men from the battered beaches, "Ma" was there, in the old "Worthing," which made several journeys to and fro with wounded men.

"Ma" was too busy to be scared, and the boys of the crew said she showed the courage of a lion and was an inspiration to them all.

After Dunkirk the "Worthing" had a job elsewhere, and "Ma" was paid off with the rest of the civilian crew. Now that the ship is back again on the old route, carrying repatriated men, and soldiers on leave across the water, "Ma" is again in her old job.

But there is one thing different about her. She wears on her apron the ribbon of the 1939-43 Star.

FIRST Englishman to fly in an airplane with an engine, Mr. Griffith Brewer can look back on many adventures of the air, from a thrilling three-minute flight in France in 1908 with Wilbur Wright, the American air pioneer, to crossing the Atlantic in 1940 as passenger in a modern bomber.

He crossed the "Pond" before—as a passenger in the airship "Hindenburg," and still has a soft spot for gas-bag flying. At the age of 68 he was piloting his own single-seater plane, and looping the loop.

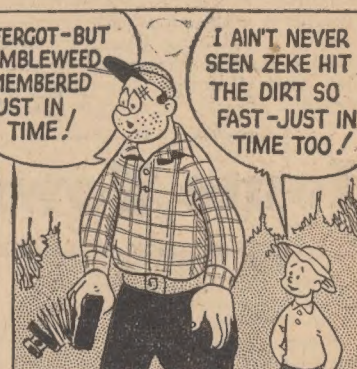
THE other day an old man carrying a shabby Gladstone bag wandered through the streets of London's dockland until he came to the "Missions for Seamen." Going inside, he placed his bag on the counter and, opening it, produced a hundred pound notes.

"This is for you," he said. "There's only one condition—I want some of it used for the really down-and-outers."

After they had recovered from their surprise the officials went into the matter with the old man, and it was agreed that £45 should be set aside for friendless and helpless seafarers under the name of "The Mitchell Distress Fund."

Having done his good turn, Mr. G. Mitchell, old-age pensioner and owner of a back-street junk shop at Torquay, went back to his little shop satisfied that he had done his bit to show thanks for the grand job the seamen of Britain have done in the past few years.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 695

- 1. Behead the one over there and get a cover.
- 2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: akersakeunsreadandiscuits.
- 3. What sort of holiday can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He always his bacon on the embers of the camp.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 694

- 1. S-Kate.
- 2. He is eventually to become a weaver.
- 3. WHALE.
- 4. Instead, detains.

JANE

Salvage of White Reef

(Continued from Page 2)

for Florida, where you could sell the cargo of fine sponges in the ever-open market. I know what you've got aboard. The cargo is one of the best of true zoophytes, taken from the shore where you planted two masts in the rocks to make them look like the masts of the schooner.

"You came upon the bed by chance, but you found that somebody had the licences for the bed, so you took the Traveller round to the other side of the reef, gave her a coat of paint and made for Florida. Isn't that right?"

"What's it got to do with you?" demanded Larry.

"Maybe more than you think. I watched you when you were telling the tale. The gale helped just sail you into Florida with a you want. We can work the new you—gave you an excuse. You scratch crew and hand you over grounds better from my station hid your crew and got them to the police, charging you with at Batabano. And I'll let you have

paint the schooner's hull while theft and fraud. The Traveller you came on with the yarn. But I is mine. I bought her at an auction knew you were a liar, because no at Macuda, but the valuable schooner could be beached just cargo belongs to Mr. Whitaker. He can sell it best at Florida—"

"You can't charge me with theft of the sponges," flared Duke swiftly. "Nobody knows who has the license for the new grounds by the reef—"

"Yes," said Eddy, "I know. I hold the license. And now I'll get the bosun to tie you up and keep you safe until we reach Florida. It's on the horizon now."

He turned to Dave Whitaker and laughed.

"Have I done something—enough to ask for Gloria? You needn't go back to Macuda unless you want. We can work the new you—gave you an excuse. You scratch crew and hand you over grounds better from my station hid your crew and got them to the police, charging you with at Batabano. And I'll let you have

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you a well-known saying.

- 1. A fruit.
- 2. A sign indicating direction.
- 3. A golf club.
- 4. A five-pound note.
- 5. Quickness.
- 6. Female horses.
- 7. A long, strong rope or chain.

(Solution to-morrow.)

the Traveller back for a thousand dollars if you like."

"Keep the Traveller, Eddy," said old Dave softly, "and here's Gloria. She wants to stay with you I bet!"

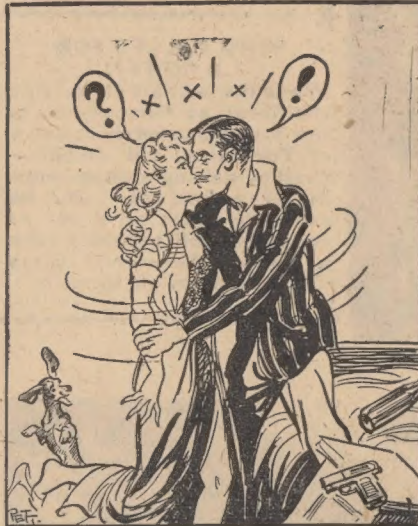
And Gloria showed that she did.

THE END



Solution to Puzzle in No. 756.

- 1. b o B b y
- 2. t h E m e
- 3. c a D d y
- 4. p u F f s
- 5. s p O o l
- 6. w o R r y
- 7. o l D e r



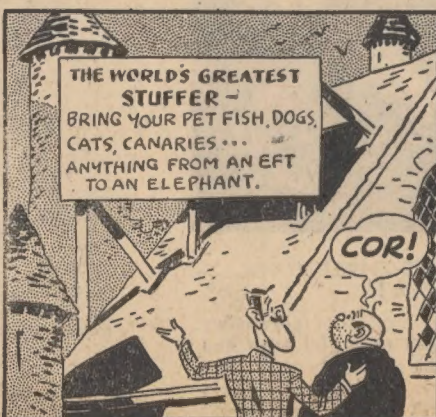
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Watch Your Heart

GIRLS have been known to marry for many things other than love, but to marry for a watch seems to be getting a timepiece the hard way.

A British officer was walking in the Russian zone of Berlin when a Russian girl sergeant asked him the time. When her eyes caught sight of his watch she lost her heart completely, but not to the officer—to the watch.

She promptly asked him to sell it to her, but he, speaking fluent Russian, was able to convince her that it was not for sale. But the sergeant wanted that watch, and badly, and if necessary she would take the officer, too, in order to get it.

So she asked him to marry her. This frontal attack shook our battle-hardened hero, and all he could reply was "Why?"

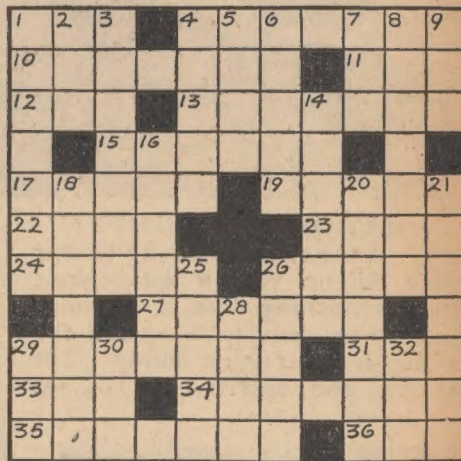
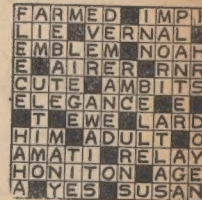
"Because then you will belong to me—and so will your watch," came the immediate reply.

Our officer must have been rather the old-fashioned type that like a few more details settled before plunging into matrimony, and asked her where she proposed that they should live. That was a point of complete indifference to the little lady. "That would not matter—in Russia or England," came the utterly bored reply.

But romance is not born that way, and the sergeant still has single bliss and the officer still has his watch.

P. L.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

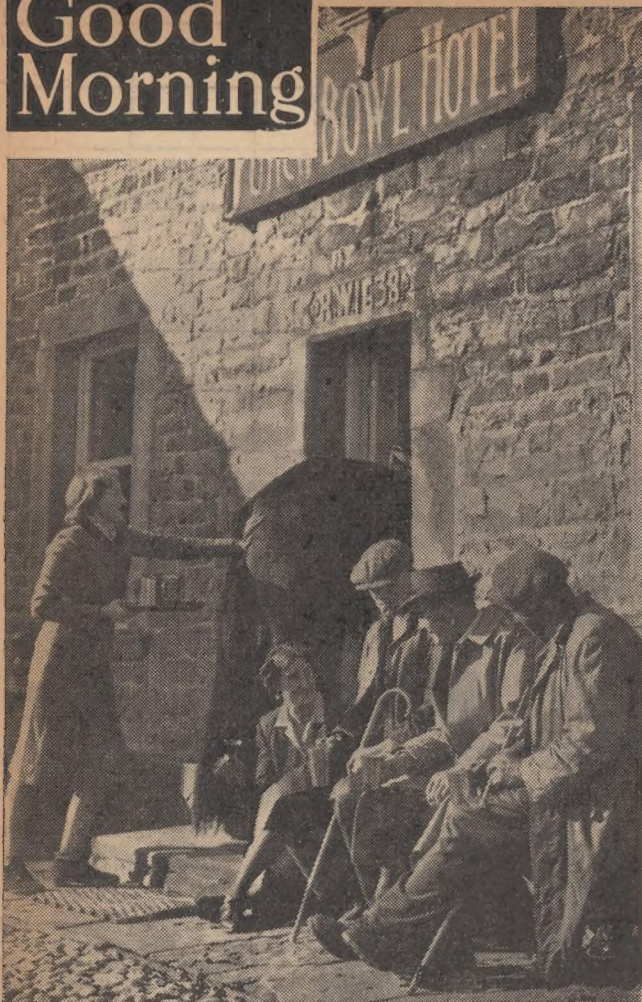


- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Bark. 4 Perform. 10 Lively. 11 Afflict. 12 Ocean. 13 Normal. 15 Topics. 17 Allots. 19 Skin affection. 22 Region. 23 Driving clouds. 24 S.W. Asiatics. 26 Match. 27 Penetrates. 29 Regard as unworthy. 31 Copy. 33 Had dinner. 34 Pump piston. 35 Loathes. 36 Printing measures.

- CLUES DOWN.—1 Veil. 2 Drink. 3 Dish. 4 Girl. 5 Stuff. 6 Inn. 7 Attention. 8 Bridge. 9 Measure. 14 Moneylender. 16 Led. 18 Learned. 20 Transit. 21 Gliding performers. 25 Bites. 26 Planet. 28 Cant. 29 Parent. 30 Put. 32 Write.



# Good Morning



## ★ WHO CALLED FOR A PONY? ★

While the farmers sit outside the local at Gunnerside, in the lovely Swaledale country of Yorkshire, old Dobbin—tired of waiting around—pops in for a pint, too. But he certainly takes up a lot of room and will probably take a lot of whatever it takes to quench his thirst.

Mrs. Geddes with her “unstoppable” football team, the Sea Rovers F.C., composed of many Navy types who have been stationed in Dundee area during the whole of last season. Under their woman manager the team carried off the three big championships—The Angus League, Angus Cup, and the Finister Cup.



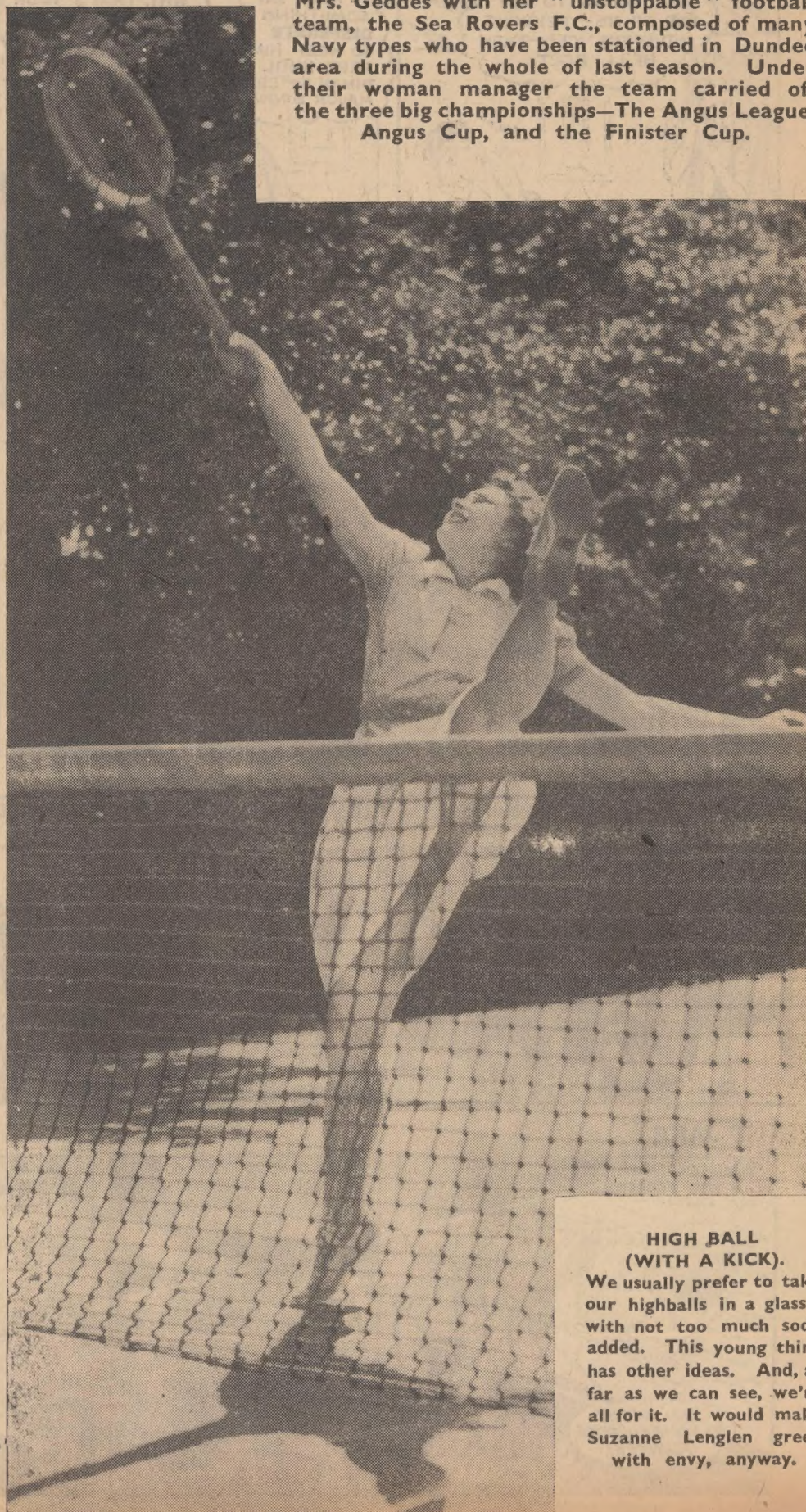
## “WHAT-OH, SHE BUMPS!”

Here's a shooting (chuting!) star who's about to be quenched! There's nothing like a slippery chute that ends in a splash for putting a damper on things. But not on her spirits, we opine.



## SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER!

The lovely wearing a coat of cleansing cream is a poor little rich girl who has got into the clutches of the beauty parlours which litter the fashionable streets of Miami—swank Yank resort.



## HIGH BALL (WITH A KICK).

We usually prefer to take our highballs in a glass—with not too much soda added. This young thing has other ideas. And, as far as we can see, we're all for it. It would make Suzanne Lenglen green with envy, anyway.